MONSTERS WILL BE MONSTERS

(AJ is sleeping in his bed when he hears a monstrous gurgling coming from under his bed.)

AJ: Ah! What the hell was that?
Monster: I'm going to eat you, AJ!
AJ: MOM!

(MOM enters AJ's room mixing a bowl.)

MOM: What's the matter, honey?
AJ: There's a monster under my bed!
MOM: I'm sure it's just the pipes making noise.
AJ: He said, "I'm going to eat you AJ." He knows my name. The pipes do no know my name.
MOM: You know those pipes. They make the weirdest noises.
AJ: Can I just sleep in your room tonight? I have a test tomorrow. I have to say all fifty states in order or I fail the third grade. I need my sleep.

(MOM has somehow found an iron and ironing board, and begins to iron nice shirts.)

MOM: Oh, I don't know, AJ. I've got to iron all your father's shirts or else he'll get awful mad. I don't think it's a good idea if you sleep in my bed. Can't you just turn on your night-light like every other night?
AJ: Mom, a night-light isn't going to save me from a monster that wants to eat my sensible third grade body! Wait…it's eleven o'clock at night. Why do you need to iron shirts?

(MOM stops ironing. She found a duster and is now dusting.)

MOM: It's just so dusty in here. What were you saying dear? Something about being sensible?
AJ: Mom! I have a big test! And I'm trying to tell you about the monster…mom what are you doing?

(MOM stops dusting. Now she is now unscrewing two light bulbs at once.)

MOM: It's so bright in here! No wonder you can't sleep. As soon as the lights are out and your night-light is on you need to go to bed! I've got lots of cleaning to do!

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You know what they say, cleanliness is next to happiness.
AJ: I don't think they say that…you know what. Fine. I'll just deal with the monsters myself.
MOM: I'll call the plumber to fix those pipes right after I clean all the windows in the house. It's best to clean them at night! That way I can see all the streaks!
AJ: Mom… can you go clean windows in someone else's room?
MOM: Well, if you need me I'll just be doin' a load of laundry. I've got lots of important cleaning to do!

(MOM exits AJ's room.)

AJ: If I ever want to pass the third grade, I'll have to take these monster matters into my own hands. Good thing I have a drawer dedicated to monster killing items. Goggles. Check. Mittens. Check. Squirt gun. Check. Now the only question is do I go in through the closet? Or under the bed? Or maybe I could go through my dresser like Narnia. Hmm… no. The bed! That's where they'll least expect me. Well. Here goes nothing.

(AJ crawls under his bed, and is transported to Monster-Land.)

AJ: Oh gosh. Smells like death and onions down here. This surely is hell.

(SNOWBALL enters from nowhere.)

SNOWBALL: Oh! Thank goodness you're here!
AJ: Ah! Of course I would be accosted by the ugliest monster first. *(AJ starts pumping squirt gun.)* I'll have you know my squirt gun is filled with holy water.
SNOWBALL: You've come to defeat the Queen and save us monsters!
AJ: It will vanquish all your evil!
SNOWBALL: I'm not evil! I'm a goblin. My name is Snowball!
AJ: Snowball? What kind of name is Snowball for a goblin?
SNOWBALL: What kind of name is AJ for a butthead!?!
AJ: I don't have time for this. I have a test tomorrow. So, I'm afraid I'm going to have to vanquish you evil goblin Snowball monster thing.
SNOWBALL: But I can help you with your test tomorrow!
AJ: I hope you like being dead with a side of…one second foul being…how do you know I have a test tomorrow?
SNOWBALL: I heard you practicing it. I can help! Alabama! Alaska!
AJ: Oh well in that case…wait a minute…how do I know your not trying to trick me?
SNOWBALL: 'Cause we need your help too!
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